

## OUR POET ON WHEELS.

HE FLYETH THROUGH THE WEST

And Alighteth at the Capital of Arkansas—He  
Telleth of a Long Railroad Ride and the  
Scenes Along the Route—Dia-  
monds Promised

Special Correspondence of THE REPUBLICAN.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 1.—Some days ago, when I imparted a chaste and farewell kiss upon the regal brow of a fair dame of high and lofty station in Washington city—no less an important personage, in fact, than the Goddess of Liberty—she whispered sweetly in the upper right-hand corner of my left auricular, "Bless you, my child, bless you, but before you go don't fail to drop at the office of my *Tell* a few lines to your old pal, Wiping away of the sobs which plentifully bedewed my eyes, I pensively descended from the dome, and, seeking the attic seclusion of your sanctum, promised from these far-off shores some words of cheer and comfort, with a few remarks upon the "men, manners, and cities" of Arkansas, which

old fraud whom Virgil speaks of, has never visited. Swiftly the iron horse sped onward, and for many weary miles no sound or scene occurred to break the monotony of travel or the drowsy hum of conversation. Suddenly the ghastly sameness of the hour was rudely

INTERERRUPTED BY A SMELL.

Had we suddenly crossed the confines of Arabia the blest or of the vale of Cashmere? Scarcely: The aroma was one of those earned and all-permeating flavors which clings "not wisely but too well," and makes the melancholy traveler sigh for

the breakfast par of a bone-mill. "Do you know what that is?" said a brief acquaintance of the hour. Gently we elevated a dilated nostril from the perfumed section of our only remaining tent—"hankereher," and, after listening with tremulous emotion to the all-pervading scent, blandly admitted, with a reluctant sigh, that we failed to recognize any dear departed friend. "Well," he gruffly interjected, "we've just run over a skunk!" Hereupon a lank, slab-sided, long-haired individual, whose legs occupied the backs of four seats, while his body reclined in the corner of a fifth, hiccoughed, *sotto voce*, beneath a suspicious-looking nose, which blossomed like the

ha' bin a p-p-p-o-le-act; if sn-u-m-elis loud enough." Hereat the subscriber relapsed into a condition of

AFFECT IDIOTY

for many miles. On through the darkening shadows of the night, broken only now and then by the advent of that cerberus with the lantern, the omnipotent conductor, the melodious treble of some "female woman," or the rich diapason of some male snorer, rolled the smooth-shod sleeper, until the smiling fields and homesteads, the smoking chimneys with their burring wheels, told of that mother of giant statesmen and of Presidents—Ohio! The only blot upon the fair and smiling landscape was where, in the "rhubarbs" of Porkopolis, a misguided Democrat has erected a temple of sin for the dispensation of hot and tempestuous

generate someone has christened the "De Golyer House." Sadly I turned away and dropped a tepid tear over the mud of the Queen City of the West and her muddier politics, to drown my sorrows in a slight libation from an *amphora*, which had been replenished at the pure

REPUBLICAN FOUNTAIN

of John Hancock, in the city of Washington. Onward whirled the iron wheels; daylight turns to all-encompassing night, which yields once more to starry sceptre up to dawn; and, like the passing day-dream, the train sweeps onward through the darksome forests of Missouri; where, on the borders of the swampy lowlands, beneath the gloomy

folded wings the awful angel of misma and of death. And here the evidences of emigration become more and more abundant. Mothers with their teeming broods invade the chaste seclusion of the smoking-car; while bright-eyed urchins, born—according to the immortal Thackeray—"of poor but prolific parents," receive the seductive slap from fond maternal hands.

THE "LACTATING" MOTHER

dines her hungered babe, while in the silent watches of the afternoon the "song of the infant" is heard in the land—"that gentle wail, sweeter than even the "Song of Solomon," so dear to the dotting father's heart, and which has even waked

the ever-recurring hour of twelve p. m. precisely! Here at Arcadia, a wayside station, we pause for purposes of refectio[n], and rightly is the village named for, with true Arcadian stulticity, although a spiritual license is placarded upon the walls, no liquid refreshments can the righteous obtain either for love or money. Sadly we glide along, and as the grove and rubicund guard sings out station that sounds startlingly like "Noah's Ark!" the thirsty traveler looks vaguely forth to find the animals, to notice only after a prolonged and agonizing survey

who stands rooted to the spot in wild amazement as the cars move off. "Gads Hill!" announces the conductor, and here we "pawls to like," for here stands out from a dreary skirt of blackened timber, with its rough pine-boards and windowless openings, a shanty, with the printed sign of "Sample Parlor," which would stare an honest Dickens completely out of countenance. "Gads Hill!" O, shade of Dickens! And here, in these dreary express swamps, I find me of a shady, leafy lane, in all the bloom and burgeoning of early spring, which runs past Highbury, with its rare old houses and its stender, pointed spire lifted like a wandling

THE EMPTY ARM-CHAIR

and nonchalance. And as each smoky tug sweeps softly out and breaks to leeward, there come, fast crowding round street corners the alar, a troop of kindly fellows, while Little Nell and Betsy Trovador, the rascals Martineau, and Agnes Copperfield, shrined in the fragrant incense of each silver ring, hob-nob with Henry Esmond and Pemmies, with Philip and with Costigan.

CONCLUSION.

There is much meat, politically and otherwise, in this interesting State and town, and in my next I will treat of something outside of the religious-spirits character. I am going to the town of Hot Springs before long, and will bring you thence a

any urban or suburban fireproof safe—no safe into the latest design of a fireproof safe. But they shall flame even as an electric light set upon a high tower; so that the stern guardians of the law shall eye their advance, and whisper each unto the other: "Lo, he hath robbed the treasure-chambers of the sanctuary!" and shall straightaway invite thee to "disgorgé." They wear them here elegantly set, and the devil himself can tell them from the genuine article. This is no bribery and corruption fund. DOMINO.

James were communicated to the warehouse, containing 700 cases of tobacco, which belonged to Esberg, Bachman & Co., of San Francisco. The damage is estimated at \$9,000; fully insured.

London, Ontario.—Leonard's boiler and engine works—loss, \$30,000; insurance, \$15,000. Seventy-five men were thrown out of employment.

Boston.—A seven-story brick building, 609 to 413 Atlantic avenue. Several firms were burnt out, including the Oxnard Sugar Refinery. Loss, \$50,000; partly insured.

**A Big Suit in Virginia.**

HARRISONBURG, Va., May 4.—In the United States Court, in session here, the land

plaintiffs, against Charles L. Haynes, Thomas Kincaid and wife, and others, defendants, is being tried. The right and title to an immense tract of land, 192,000 acres, lying in the counties of Bath and Alleghany, are involved in the issue. Robert L. Parrish and Hugh W. Duffy appear for the plaintiffs, and General William S. Keen for the defendants. This suit has been pending in court for many years.